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after, on the 17th of January; and that with the latter action had closed what could be called any series of positive victories on the part of the colonists. The Battle of Guilford Court House had followed, on the 15th of March; and only a single flash of success had since shown itself in any action—that at Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September. New York was held by the British, as it had been from the fatal reverses so close following the Declaration of Independence, in the summer of 1776; and the plans formed by Washington for attacking it, early in that autumn, had been abandoned, from a succession of circumstances sufficient to discourage even the calm and patient Fabian commander. Almost at the same moment the commander-in-chief had learned of the reception of heavy reinforcements by Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, enabling that general to countermand his earlier orders to Lord Cornwallis to send a portion of his army northward,—of the supposed intention of Count de Grasse to remain for the time in the West Indies with his fleet, instead of sailing for the Atlantic coast as had been expected and intended,—and of the watchfulness of Clinton, apparently fully informed of his earlier intention, rendering even any partial surprise in that quarter impossible. Meanwhile, the resources of the colonists were dwindling; and it must be stated that the spirits even of the patriotic were falling—a certain amount of signal success, capable of the placard and the relation, being indispensable for the maintenance of any cause dependent upon the popular breath and popular action. Cornwallis had evacuated Portsmouth, in Virginia, early in September, taking possession of Gloucester Point and Yorktown, and strongly fortifying himself in both the latter places, especially the last mentioned. Lafayette, with a respectable force, lay very near the new British positions, but lacking strength to attack them, and indeed with any attack rendered madness while the enemy held command of Chesapeake Bay and the coast. What prospect did there really appear to exist, that the British commander might not be able to winter at Yorktown, and still remain in the spring a formidable if not fatal antagonist?



NAVE.

Suddenly came the change, as come many of the most important changes in private or public history. Washington was advised, through Count de Barras, that Count de Grasse, after all, intended to sail from the West Indies for the Chesapeake, with some thirty sail of the line, on the 13th of August, expected to be off the coast in September, and must sail on return to the Southern station by the middle of October. What was to be done, in connection with his fleet, was to be done quickly; and no long time was consumed by Washington in deciding that he would,

with that aid, entrap and capture Cornwallis, and strike a blow at the British cause, difficult if not impossible of recovery. Quickly as the plan was formed, it was put in execution. De Grasse was waited for, off the coast, informed by Lafayette of the plans of Washington, and desired to block up the mouth of the York River, and to convey the land forces, commanded by the Marquis de St. Simon, to join those of Lafayette on the James. The invest-



BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

ment was immediate, determined and effectual; almost before Cornwallis comprehended his danger, it had closed around him so closely that he realized his only hope must lie in relief from Sir Henry Clinton, or escape into the Carolinas, or toward New York, both the latter being contemplated and one attempt foiled by the vigilance of Lafayette, while another was defeated by what appeared the special act of Providence.

The actual investment took place early in September, the French fleet nobly co-operating by sea, as did the French forces by land. It grew yet closer and closer during the remainder of that month; and Yorktown became virtually untenable by the middle of October, after a considerable portion of the outer works had been stormed. The pressure at last became unendurable, and on the 17th of October Cornwallis desired a cessation of hostilities. On the 19th, the British land and naval forces made surrender, Washington and Rochambeau receiving it from General O'Hara, deputed by Cornwallis, suddenly (and conveniently) stricken with illness.

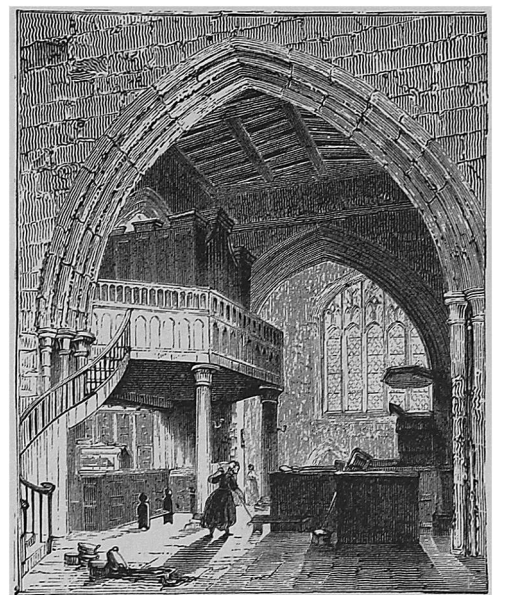
But there were no telegraphs in those days, and the success of the patriots was not known during its progress, until at culmination. Even then it became intelligence very slowly, and needed repetition before believed. The scene at Philadelphia, when the hard-riding messengers brought the news of the great victory to that city, at midnight of the 23d of October, was one long to be remembered, and one that our artist has nobly illustrated in honor of this special time. The watchman of the night blended ordinary and extraordinary information in the cry: "Midnight!—and Cornwallis is taken!" and the rest of the scene, of opened windows, and of mouths and ears similarly opened, of doubts and fears, and then of the most pronounced rejoicing, may well task the pencil of the artist and make only less troublesome calls upon the most fertile imagination. Disaster had been feared; victory had been only partially hoped for; what marvel that the announcement of the tremendous and fortunate blow which virtually ended the War of the Revolution, was one to addle all heads, to set all tongues in commotion, and for the time literally to make a staid and respectable city one general bedlam?

BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

THE very old Cathedral of Bangor is situated in Caernarvonshire, North Wales, near the Menai Strait and the British Channel, and not far from Conway, Llandudno, and other places of popular travel and health resort, on the line between Chester and Holyhead, supplying the great royal mail route to Ireland. The town of Bangor, itself very old, lies not far from the northern foot of the picturesque Caernarvon Mountains, and has many points of antique and rural beauty, as well as much of historical interest, besides being within close reach of so many other places of note, connected with the prosperous present or stormy past of Wales. The celebrated Penmaen Maur, the last of the Caernarvonshire range, crowned with a castle of gray antiquity and much grace, is passed not long before reaching Bangor from Conway; and one of the largest railway tunnels in Great Britain, no less than 3,000 feet in extent, is passed on the same route and in near proximity to the town.

In foundations, Bangor Cathedral may claim antiquity beside most of those in the kingdom, and in advance of many, it having been first erected by St. Deiniol in A. D. 550. The first building, however, is reported to have been burned by that arch-rebel and iconoclast, Owen Glendower; and the present edifice, which really looks old enough to have dated from the flood, is said to have only an antiquity reaching back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the erection up to that time having been only a temporary one, after the destruction by Glendower, following an earlier ruin by the Anglo-Normans, in 1071. The choir, in its present shape, is said to have been rebuilt in the time of

Henry VII., and the tower and nave were added in 1532. The structure is one of the smaller, though not the smallest, of the great religious houses of Great Britain; but it boasts a massive solidity entitling it to close observation as it assures its permanence. The whole erection is 214 feet in length, with the moderate width of 60 feet; the tower is only of diminutive height, but accords well with the general appearance of the main building. If the cathedral is not of so great an age as some of its compeers, the



SOUTH TRANSEPT.

bishopric claims to be the oldest in Wales; and two of the elder Welsh princes are entombed in the structure, giving it the requisite royal flavor to balance the ecclesiastical. Our views convey an excellent idea of the turreted and pinnacled tower, with the massive buttresses supporting the sides of the gracefully heavy architecture of the nave, and of the transept with its stair winding to the gallery, the antique pulpit with its sounding-board, and the great window terminating the view, and affording one of the allowable prides of the whole.